

# THE INNIS HERALD

“Good-bye,” said Eeyore. “Mind you don’t get blown away, little Piglet. You’d be missed. People would say ‘Where’s little Piglet been blown to?’—really wanting to know. Well, good-bye. And thank you for happening to pass me.”

“Good-bye,” said Pooh and Piglet for the last time, and they pushed on to Owl’s house.

The wind was against them now, and Piglet’s ears



streamed behind him



like banners





The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5



From whence cometh Pooh?  
-Piglet

# Consideratis Considerandis ... ad Ignorantiam.

It disgruntles my mother that I cannot seem to write an article without referring to those parts of the anatomy which might reasonably disgruntle a Jewish mother. (Last year I wrote an article about some guy who jerked off in front of me on the subway.) Perhaps I have a problem. Perhaps my mother has a problem. Either way, if mother becomes too disgruntled, life becomes unpleasant, and life, I have found, is like eating hot and sour soup and the pain should never exceed the pleasure. So for my own sake, as well as my mother's, I will try my very best to abstain from referring to those parts of the body which usually comprise at least part of the body of my editorials.

(I would just like to remark, parenthetically, that if I spell incorrectly it's because I tend to get rather cocky the longer I sit here.)



So lend an ear, dear reader, and presently I will present you with some wisdom.

*Shluf giker me darf de kishen* is a Yiddish expression meaning "sleep faster, we need the pillows."

My late great grandmother, Golda Meir, used to run about the candy shop whacking my father with a spatula and yelling *shluf giker me darf de kishen*. "And furthermore," she would add in broken english, "love is not a potato."

And so my father got to thinking, "If love is not a potato, then what exactly is a potato?"

This, of course, may be a stupid question, but at least it got my father thinking. An interesting point if you recall that it was this precise question which got Moses to thinking five thousand years ago, Shakespeare to thinking five hundred years ago, and George Bush to thinking last week.

Thinking of which reminds me that I must phone my agent.

I have an idea for a new sitcom, it's called *The Enumerator Babe* and, all things being equal, it should really star Joan van Ark. Getting Joan is pretty much in the bag since she's pretty much of a bag already, and besides, I didn't fork over a billion dollars to have her killed off of *Knots Landing* for nothing. The major problem, however, is that Joan insists that I call the show *The Enumerator Dame* as opposed to *The Enumerator Babe*. She also thinks that the show should be a romantic comedy and that she should fall in love with the first guy that comes to the door. I told her that

since our leading man was to be Lou Diamond Philips, such a suggestion would not be a very plausible narrative make. Needless to say, she didn't understand what I meant and has been threatening me with a lawsuit ever since.

Speaking of suits, it is absolutely icy cold in this office and I really think I should stop trying to type in the nude.

This brings me back to square one, which, incidentally, is the top right hand corner of *Hollywood Squares*. People tend to think that square one is on the top left hand corner of the gameshow but it's not. Of course the issue is quite irrelevant unless you are actually a judge on the show, but since my late uncle, Marty Feldman, was indeed one of the original judges, I feel inclined to set the matter straight. Anyway, in this case square one is obviously the question of whether my mother is disgruntled that I have just used the word "nude". If she is not so, then I think she had better put her singing career on the backburner and reevaluate the ethical imperatives she's always been so keen on making me comprehend (of course her songs are so full of ethical imperatives that maybe she gets confused). Personally, I'd much rather people thought of me as being lewd than if they thought of me as being nude.



*Si quid urbaniusculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.*



If we have made sport of anything too facetiously, by the Muses and the Graces and the divine will of all the poets, I beg you, do not take it badly of me.

## THE INNIS HERALD

November, 1988, Volume 23 Issue 3

*Tantum valet, quantum sonat*  
It is worth as much as it sounds

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Blitz



## Doing Some Damage

Dear Editor,

Hil Listen, I couldn't help but notice that Mr. Blitz veered from his usual musical commentary into the realm of OP ED. One minute he's talking about Hawkwind and the next he's talking about Nietzsche. Then he's shitting on communism, then Christianity and religion in general.

Well aside from a perfectly lovely opportunity to start the Hawkwind revival (the beginning of which is tied closely to the results of the next federal election----a Mulroncy minority government could result in the original band's reunion and a tour of Winnipeg) he was also ranting. Now I've got nothing against a good rant or even a rail. As a matter of fact, railing often leads to positions of power and influence (ie. the DJ. on Live Dead Fridays, the producer of Night Heat, and of course our current Minister of Trade), but I have to take exception when someone writes "So really there's nothing in life other than

music". That's just not true. That's a lie. There is something in life other than music. There is Neil Young.

Mr. Blitz's savage attacks on Bono may make him feel good temporarily, but if he wants to feel better about life then he should head home and slip on a side of Neil Young. Instantly, his worries about the future of rock n' roll will fade as a whiny voice implores him to look for a "Heart of Gold". That's right. Don't wonder about religion and politics destroying civilization as we've come to see it. Wonder instead "when you'll come home/I'm hopin' that you'll be my baby". If U2 is the North American media machine's current hype ("The Boss is just not cool anymore 'cause he's a two-timer.", say millions of People magazine readers), so what? We all know that when U2 are all cutting lawns in Dublin or sitting in Irish Parliament, Neil Young will be there with a cogent "Old man, look at my life/I'm a lot like you were".

Really Mr. Blitz, if Bono's name happened to be Frank or Bill or Gordon Sumner, you wouldn't even be on his back. You're just mauling it because he's got a funny name. Just sit back, relax and remember

"All in a dream/ All in a dream/The loading has begun," and soon you'll be flying "Mother Nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun". Ouch! That'd be pretty hot wouldn't it? Anyway, we can both admit that Hawkwind stole all their interstellar stuff from those lines by, you guessed it, Neil Young.

keeping things in perspective,  
Neil Young.



Dear Herald,

dear Blitz - the only way to truly ream evil is to ignore it.

- Neetzie

dear Meggeson (re: the forgotten art of genital waving)

Artoad! Oh,ho, you look so lowly on the granite walls of UofT - leads me to ask why are you here? ("Why are you here?" - Meggeson). I am here because my folks were hungry,

they ate "vile shit" to stay alive and lived cold and miserable. So we created UofT - not to learn (you superficial creep) but to train kids in the art of making money (via any of our fine faculties). See fuckbrain, we don't care why O'Neill drank or Whitman buggered, we care about surviving and have gone through a whole lot of shit to set up this university as a bastion on which the hungry may enrol and learn how to make a prosperous living. We have taken the brightest yet most fragile of minds and after a rigorous four years turned them into well fed, warmly, housed-people. I sincerely Scan take a business course. I feel you are one of these bright ones who has simply forgotten the basic necessity of surviving in a harsh world (perhaps because of never being truly hungry yourself, swine). Sure, intellectual masturbation is a hoot, but you must come down to earth before the age of thirty or I'm afraid you'll be unhappy - skinny - tattered - coat for the rest of your life. Really Scan there are two choices open to you: 1) rant on about the genius of Baudelaire, Kerouac, Sartre etc. and how we must constantly fight (stagnation) or 2) join the safety, the warmth of the light of knowledge

that it is good to eat well and sleep well. Meggeson your -C's will turn into A's the minute you drop your rebellious idolations and play a few intramural sports, become active in university politics and put Whitman in the correct perspective with a few well-organized essays. Why you can even drink your brain senseless Sean - but (imagine this) in the company of bright, young sweated colleagues with fresh haircuts. Think of it, drunken bliss with no brooding, (persecuted *artiste*) hangover but rather the assurance of a sound, respectable future. (In fact, I think your particular genius would, if channelled properly become a fine english teacher or even *professeur* [ho, maybe even at U of T] with wife, kids, home and summers off!). And Sean ... if you don't join us now, we will incorporate you later by studying the "sadness of your disoriented brilliance." You will be fodder for the future bright young U of Ter's to mulch. Now or later pissant, the choice is yours.

Sincerely,  
Yukio Koglin.

Thank you for writing, but we don't understand you. Please don't write again. -Eds.

## NEWS

## College kicks off its 25th Anniversary

Innis celebrated the kick-off of its twenty-fifth anniversary earlier this month (November 5). In addition to "celebrating" (various events will take place until the closing on November 4, 1989), the College hopes to bring the endowment they began in their 20th Anniversary (when \$25,000 was raised) up to \$100,000.

The kick-off was a three-tiered event including a reception (food *not* catered by Versa), an auction, and fireworks. The reception was a rather subdued affair—even though Desmond Glynn bartended—but the evening picked up during the auction when staff, students, alumni, and friends of the College went into an irrational bidding war on items most

of them would probably never have considered buying. Simon Cotter and Kay Armatage, for example, bid \$500 on a movie poster for the forthcoming *Twins* signed by Ivan Reitman (director). Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny Devito (the poster was donated by Joe Medjuck, former Cinema Studies professor at Innis and now a Hollywood producer). A guided trip of Metro Zoo attracted \$190; two dozen trips to McDonalds \$75; and 8 hours of computer lessons by former Herald editor David Morris \$120 (from Bart Testa).

The fireworks were a bit of a downer as the works-in-question seem to lose their spunk when stored (the College purchased them last

May). They were so impotent, in fact, that Art Wilson (another former Herald editor) held them in his hands while they were going off.

Over one hundred people turned up (despite the rain) and over \$7500 was raised (at the auction, in pledges, and in raffle tickets) bringing the endowment's total up to \$53,000.

Raffle tickets will be sold until June 1989 (see Audrey Perry in Room 124). The three top prizes are a trip for two to L.A., a trip to New York, and a Packard-Bell computer.

The next big Anniversary event will be the Masquerade Ball at L'Hotel to be held on March 4th.

Alex Russell

If you haven't heard already, Innis is planning on building a new residence within the next two years. Although planning is in the early stages, there are some tangible facts to relate.

The residence will have 200 places. These beds will be for Innis students and students from professional faculties. The division will be something along the lines of 125 Innis beds and 75 beds for others, including disabled students.

Under the university's planning procedures, John Browne (he's our principal) will chair a committee which will make recommendations regarding most aspects of the new building. Browne, Martha MacEachern (I.C.S.S. President) and Robin Harris (Innis' first principal) will serve on the university committee along with representatives from the central administration and from professional faculties.

## ICSS Update

Martha MacEachern

Well it's that time of the year again! The exam schedule is out, people are scrambling to organize what will undoubtedly be a rather short holiday for us all, the mid-term crunch has come and gone, and the days continue to get colder! However, November also brings with it the Vanier Cup, the Mulock Cup, and, of course, the infamous Mr. Blue contest!

You may recall that in the last issue of *The Herald* I mentioned that an evening of glamour and pageantry would be held on October 13. Alas, it was not. However, the time has come once again for our own Mr. Blue to show his true colours. On November 17 (already past!) Rob Stanley, our very own men's athletic rep, will wait in breathless anticipation for the crowning of the 1988 Mr. Blue! (Why not ask him about the wet suit sometime!)

Other events to look forward to include an as yet unannounced year-

end/pre-exam/Christmas bash and a variety of 25th anniversary activities. Yes, for those of you who missed out on the results of the referendum, this is in fact our 25th anniversary. And, in honour of such an historic occasion, the opening of this anniversary year was kicked off by an extremely successful auction and birthday party (held, of course, on the eve of Harold Innis' birthday!).

After a relatively slow start, the evening concluded on a truly exciting (not to mention profitable) note when Simon Cotter, an infamous Innis Alumnus, helped us reach our \$3,000 goal with his bid of \$500 for a movie poster! Many thanks to all those who attended!

Well, that's about it for this month's ICSS update, but before I close, please be reminded that ICSS student affairs meetings are held on a bi-weekly basis in the cold room and all Innis students are welcome and encouraged to attend. The next meeting is Monday, November 28th at 4 p.m.

## United Way: A Night at the Movies

Maghan Edmonds  
Paulane Levitt

The Monty Python Film Festival held on October 22nd, 1988 in the Innis Town Hall was a resounding success. The films shown were both classics, *The Life of Brian*, and *Live at the Hollywood Bowl*.

*The Life of Brian* is an amusing and often hilarious parody of the life of Jesus. It chronicles the misadventures of a man, Brian, whose life parallels that of Jesus Christ, up to and including, the crucifixion. One of the tunes, "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" was being whistled as people left after the film.

*Hollywood Bowl* was a rare collection of some classic Python sketches. Among these were "you lived in a shoebox ... we used to dream of living in a shoe box ..." and "I'm here for an argument" skit. Even though they put a new twist to pie tossing, it wasn't overly amusing -- rather "tasteless" you might say. (the pie tossing or the film? -ed.)

Unfortunately, we were unable to act upon suggestions of films such as *A Fish Called Wanda* which, due to recent release, was out of our price range. Furthermore, even though the humour is *pythonesque*, we felt it didn't contain enough members of Python to qualify for our mini festival; ditto for *Brazil*,

featuring Michael Palin.

In spite of doom and gloom expectations we got, count 'em, over sixty people. This number includes students from Vic, St. Mike's New and Engineering, adding to the great Innis turnout. The total earnings of the evening amounted to \$240.00, theoretically the break-even point as the films roughly cost that much.

However, due to the generosity of the Innis Student Society, we were able to donate the full amount to the United Way, as the society absorbed the film rental costs. So to all those who attended or made donations, "thank goodness the United Way was helped by you."



# Nearer my Johnnie to thee

Steve Gravestock

The night John Lennon died I remember sitting around with friends who grew up during the Beatle's heyday doing our best to look stricken. An argument started when one of them announced that she didn't really care. She didn't even know the guy. Sheryl always did this type of thing partly to piss people off and partly to assert herself so we should have been used to it. But this was supposed to be a sacred moment like when the Kennedys or Martin Luther King died; it was the last straw for Bryn, her husband. After we went to bed I could hear them arguing well into the night. I can't really remember whether I said anything during the argument. I don't think I did because I was probably expending all my energy keeping a long face. Later, much later, I realized that I didn't really care either. Bryn and I worshipped all that sixties crap but this realization was pretty much the end of that for me. I recognized the hypocrisy and intense conformism in the whole thing.

The present furor concerning Lennon brings all this sorry crap back. On the one hand, there's Albert Goldman's biography *The Lives of John Lennon* which presents Lennon as a burnt-out druggie. On the other hand, there's Yoko Ono, Andrew Solt's *Imagine* and every rag with counter-culture leanings. I haven't read Goldman's book and I don't intend to. Who wants to shell out thirty bucks for that? Lennon was quite open about his vices, unlike his current defenders. However, I rather admire Goldman's sleaziness and his gall. Nobody else would have the guts to attack a counter-culture icon like Lennon, except maybe Lennon himself. Besides, it serves a purpose. Adulation is always destructive and adulation of pop figures is simply ridiculous. Pop, especially sixties pop, was supposed to be democratic. Reverence isn't democratic. (More about this later.) People who revere the Beatles are like people who refuse to de-Stalinize. Their beliefs are so fragile that they can't allow any blemishes

or humanity or thought to creep into the picture.

I have, however, seen Andrew Solt's *Imagine* and it serves no purpose or only serves one unintentionally. It's another piece of myth-making about dear John.

Although the film never descends into blatant adulation, it comes close. Solt obviously perceives Lennon as a major historical figure, in fact, damn near mythic. During the titles, he zooms in on Lennon's glasses as if they were talismans or tribal fetishes (or maybe the Ark of the Covenant). The film is jam-packed with photos of its subject looking dewy-eyed and supremely sensitive. At one point, Solt zooms in on a shot of Lennon getting out of a car while the closing moments of "A Day in the Life" (the violin tunnel) blare on the soundtrack. You know, the one about the guy who makes the grade by dying. The constant, portentous foreshadowing gives Lennon's death a tragic, mythic significance. Lennon reads a letter warning him that he will be assassinated. The groundkeeper discovers a weird guy -- who evidently worships John -- lurking in the gardens of Lennon's mansion. Solt links Lennon's death with the end of what he considers a Golden Age and the possibility of its return. Fans claim that no one will ever replace the Fab Four. A journalist asks Lennon the Question, whether the Beatles will ever reunite, as if he were asking about the second coming.

Though he attempts to impress us with his impartiality towards his subject by including attacks on Lennon, Solt undermines the most significant criticisms of Lennon by the way he frames them. Lennon's discussion with the *New York Times* reporter Gloria Emerson about the efficacy of his "advertising campaign" for peace is placed so that Emerson sounds like just another unreasonable fan making unfair demands on or trying to pigeonhole poor John. Their encounter follows a segment on the uproar about John abandoning his first wife for Yoko. Lennon responds by saying that he

lives for himself and Yoko, not his fans. The gist of Emerson's precise attack on the dilettantish character of Lennon's political gestures -- she mentions him sending his MBE back to the Queen via his chauffeur -- is completely lost as a result.

Perhaps Solt's eagest move is his decision to use Lennon's recorded statements to narrate the film. Lennon's voice gives the film the air of authenticity. We feel we're hearing the true story because the subject's voice guides us through the events.

Solt is often embarrassingly overdramatic and pumped up on sixties' nostalgia and mythology. When Lennon sings "God" and mentions Kennedy, Elvis, Zimmerman, and the Beatles, Solt inserts stills of the people Lennon mentions. (This is supposed to be extremely dramatic, but it ain't. I haven't seen such dumb, obvious editing since Joni Mitchell cut to footage of a coyote while she was singing "Coyote" in a television special.) Solt gives the people more stills according to their importance to him: two for Kennedy (he's not that significant since he wasn't known for his singing), three for Elvis, four for Dylan and unpeep for the Beatles. Though he includes many stills, the director can't think of anything to do with them other than move the camera in and out. The fact that the stills aren't particularly interesting or revealing underlines Solt's lack of imagination. This obvious lack often appears in projects where the filmmakers think they're dealing with such a profound subject that all they have to do is present it to get a wildly emotional reaction. No doubt the approach works in some situations, but it certainly doesn't in this one.

Fortunately, like Lennon, Solt doesn't have much self-consciousness or any well-developed sense of irony. As a result, we're treated to the spectacle of Lennon singing about a perfect world, one without possessions, in a spacious room at Tittenhurst mansion while sitting at a grand piano. (He resembles a hairy



Liberace.) Solt believes Lennon was tortured, imprisoned and ultimately killed by his fame. Lennon would definitely agree with most of this; he goes on at length about the tremendous pressure of being a Beatle. However, the film inadvertently suggests that Lennon, like his fans, was incapable of separating his public and private selves. In various discussions about art, he (mouthing sixties claptrap on the topic) claims that art can only really be interpreted by the listener, that his songs are completely personal, and that he speaks for everyone. Some of the footage of the Beatles performing in their early career verges on the surreal. While singing "Twist and Shout," they look eerily like mannequins. Their gleaming white teeth float in their heads. (By the way, Nestor Almendros has done a great job with the material. The film always looks great.)

The impetus for this project, and the uproar concerning Goldman's book, also exposes the false nature of the claims about the Beatles being artists and the pernicious juvenile

view of art and artists endemic of the sixties and still prevalent today. No one cares that Auden was gay, that Tolstoy could be a bastard, that Charlie Parker was probably a prick. However, the Beatles have to be pure because if they weren't they couldn't be heroes. This view regards artists as repositaries of virtue as well as people who will investigate the depths of the human condition so that we don't have to. It's debilitating for the artists who can't be truly human as long as they're perceived as gods and the general public whose members can't be human if they're relieved of all moral responsibility. People lived vicariously through John Lennon and that's one of the reasons -- probably the main reason -- he was killed. The film, in defending Lennon's character and seeing him as an almost mythic figure, shares this view. At its best, however accidentally, it suggests something more profound and fruitful.

Portions of this article have already been published (by Steve) in *Sounds*.

## As I Like It (or not)



Rick Campbell

You know what this office needs? A computer. I mean there's lots of beer. I need only look around me to see that. There's no shortage of ideas either. And this typewriter with the t.v. screen is great. However, I really do believe that *The Herald* should have a computer. A computer that talked, like the one on Star Trek, and actually wrote the articles while we sat around and drank the beer, would be perfect.

By the way, has anyone noticed how hot it gets in the Innis Pub in the winter? Yet, the cold room remains cold. I understand that the planned Cold Room renovations have been postponed due to residence building plans. At no time however did I hear of plans to make the Cold Room less cold. In fact I'd be upset if it was less cold. Then, calling it the Cold Room would be a

little like calling Innis Pub, Innis Pub. It is clearly not a pub. It is a cafeteria. It was made to look like a cafeteria in order to attract the administrative element. (So say old *Heralds* anyway.) This has been accomplished but much was sacrificed. Good taste for one thing. The room is now painted a myriad of funny colours. This renovation encouraged, among other things, an outrageous price for juice, a cappuccino machine that works when it wants to, and relentless country music last summer. A proper pub plays good music loud (unless it's one of those quiet places where people want to talk; Innis Pub encourages talk, but talking "shop" and/or mortgages is to be discouraged) and serves superb beer. It DOES NOT have chairs that fall over when a two pound jacket is hung on them or break on pub nights, DOES NOT have

colours out of a slumlord's nightmares, and DOES NOT close at seven o'clock. However since we are not allowed to serve liquor on an election day in this country (quite frankly, if John Turner offers me one more Zombie or Singapore Sling I'm gonna belt him!) it seems that turning sweet dreams into silliness is a Canadian way of life. But I digress...

What I really want to talk about is criticism. Ray Conlogue wrote that the Sixties audience participatory style of *Donut City* was dated but necessary. DATED! Would you rather sit back and watch, watch, watch? Do we not have movies for that sort of thing? Should not theatre return to the hard work of redefining its role in the world of art so that people like Jim Shelden might see a reason for its existence other than providing Neil Simon with the style of living he has come to expect? I have participated in a number of plays that placed audience's emotional lives in front of them. The plays portrayed their community, its events and people. It was exciting for both the artists and the audience. Some of the best theatre in the English-speaking world have dealt with issues and situations that confront people every day. David Hare and Howard Brenton's biting *Pravda* put the machinations of Fleet Street plainly in front of the London crowd that is assaulted with its ragged dailies every day. Another theatre company went to the impoverished North and recreated, with brilliance, the

struggle of the striking miners of 1985. In Canada, *Passe Muraille's Farm Show* was never so powerful as when it was performed in the communities that served as the inspiration for its creation.

So? A play about the darker side of Toronto life is written. One that places the viewer closer to experiencing the dashed dreams of the city's underclass than any film ever could. By placing the audience in the centre of the play's action, the safety net of the proscenium is removed. We look away when we see this scene in the Annex but we can't look away here. That's right. It's happening around us and though it's hard to take, we don't look away, because first, it's terribly

exciting, like most good theatre, and secondly we're learning something about our home environment through a medium that is almost real. We are protected by the artifice, but we forget because it's real flesh and blood brushing past us. What the hell is dated about that? What's dated is the tired old dramas and musicals churned out on Broadway every year. What's dated is the museum piece-style productions we are treated to at the Shaw and Stratford every summer.

What's dated is the colour of the Innis Pub! (Let's have a collage that stays up next time!) What's dated is this computer! *The Herald* needs a space heater too, and a beer fridge! If Fuzz can have one why not us? Listen, don't get me started...

Essays giving you a headache?

Take two aspirin and  
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

# Uh Oh, Bono's Back

Richard Troller

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. U2 is good tunes. There, then it's said, so read on at your own risk.

The movie is *Rattle and Hum* and the band is U2. Just another concert movie. It is in fact just another concert movie, it doesn't rattle the brain with moral profundity, and it does have the stupid bits where the drummer explains the movie's theme. Nuff said.

As a movie it's an entertaining image, as a concert it is an awesome movie. To capture a band's performance, both musically and as the medium for entertaining tens of thousands of concert goers, is no little feat. And while the movie is not the concert, it comes close. The use of large grainy images in black and white move the band closer to the audience, and the final switch to colour pushes the screen completely away.

Now, what would a concert flick be without the tunes? The music is great (you've been warned) and extremely well recorded. One point of contention is the break up of the song "When Love Comes to Town", written by U2 and performed with B.B. King. It's a great song but calls for a little less production.

It seems almost without sense but I suppose I must mention the great versions of "Pride (in the Name of Love)", "Sunday Bloody Sunday", "Desire", "Bullet the Blue Sky", and many many more, as the man says. One particularly strong performance came during the version of "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking

For" performed with a Harlem choir to the accompaniment of the Edge's guitar. The rendition proved Bono's strength as a singer and gives an excellent example of U2's music and American gospel traditions.

This article began as simply a review of a movie. During the writing, however, I became aware that my feelings were, for the most part, dramatically opposed to those of the majority of music *literati* in Toronto. Why? One reason, and maybe this is the most important, is the image of U2 as the cultural saviour of the North American wasteland. This image, which grew to enormous proportions after the release of the albums *October*, and especially *War*, was fostered by the band's own cryptic press releases and their association with "causes". The release of *The Unforgettable Fire*, and front page confirmation of Bono's and the Edge's strong Christian beliefs added to this image of "art rockers out to save music, Ireland, South Africa and North America." Whether this was the band's intention, or whether it was an image solely of the media, remains immaterial; it existed.

I feel that the current negative opinion of *Rattle and Hum* is a reaction to this image -- a reaction based on expectations of a morally, culturally, and spiritually meaningful movie. All this is fine. In fact, if U2 does have the above lofty goals ... great. Art as art, for art's sake. Not for the media, not for the church, and not for the "cause".

And now I think it's time for the Edge to play the blues.



## Cackle and Cum

Bilz

Can it be just a coincidence that George Bush was elected President of the U.S. just weeks after U2 released their movie? Of course not. It's quite clear that these two forces for conformity, stupidity and, let's face it, raw unadulterated evil are in league together. They are plotting to enslave the known world with their lethal combination of bad politics and bad music. (I'll deal with how Neil Young fits into the picture later.)

Already the forces of truth, humour, and general all around niceness are being organized to resist

this evil threat! First was needed a base of operations, and that is the real reason we play the Grateful Dead so much in the Innis Pub; to keep it safe from an infiltration of evil. It is there that the resistance has been launched.

This resistance has taken two directions. Firstly to combat U2 directly, there is the Discordia Gang, plying righteous, fun music to the assembled Children of the Sun. Secondly to combat the Bush forces we have formed the Good Vibes Squad (formerly *Three Nice guys? - Arts Ed.*), dedicated to opposing frats and all other boring, stupid, conformist groups. At present the

Squad consists of me, Hap, and maybe Dave, and new applicants are welcome. We must resist the spread of these evil powers!

The struggle will not be easy. Even within the Innis Pub we have those less than totally committed to the revolutionary struggle (it is rumoured that we even have a Neil Young fan among us, but that is hardly credible) and the outside world is often downright nasty towards free thinking sons and daughters of liberty like ourselves. But will that stop us?

Death to all reactionaries! Hail Eris!

# Fully Human

Chris Thlesenhausen

My life has changed drastically in the last couple of weeks. I saw a film in Kay Armatage's Documentary Cinema course about the Holocaust. My paternal Grandmother passed away on Remembrance Day. These events are linked by a common thread: my Granny was one of the few members of my father's family to escape the Holocaust. This article is my remembrance of her.

Before you stop reading to avoid yet another explication of the 'same

of history' or whatever, this isn't about the Holocaust, at least not directly. I'm being selfish: it's about myself.

Like most members of our society, I've been exposed to a fair amount of material addressing the events of the extermination program the Nazis employed in the Second World War. We didn't talk about it at home much as I was growing up; like most people we didn't discuss it. After a certain point is reached (at least for most people) the topic loses both its shock value and its potential for education, sometimes replaced with

an anger towards those who insist on 'dwelling' on the Holocaust. There are plenty of young Jews who are thoroughly versed in the history and circum- stances of the Holocaust, and feel no desire to learn more about it. Some survivors share this, though the motivation is the pain of remembering rather than the disinterest of the overexposed.

This much is the conventional wisdom spouted in the major media, the sort of thing that white supremacists love to quote in their tawdry volumes. Here's where I leave that school of thought and cosy up to one

of U of T's great thinkers. As Prof. McLuhan put it, the medium is the message, and that's the crux of the matter here.

The film we saw for INI 225F was a 1955 film by Alain Resnais (of *Last Year in Marienbad* fame) entitled *Night and Fog*. The film uses images familiar to most of us now; people being bulldozed into pits in mass burials; mountains of hair, glasses, skulls...; crematoria; tours of concentration camps; footage from *Triumph of The Will*; the list goes on. You may never have encountered this particular film, but the images contained within it have been a part of your life unless you have had a remarkably cloistered existence thus far.

So what, right...?

Wrong!

My companions and I cried in the screening room. For the first time since I came to U of T I had trouble with words (those of you who've met me more than once know just how rare an occurrence this is); the second hour of the class, after the screening, had perhaps fifteen minutes of speech in it; this from a group of articulate and informed cinema studies students used to the critical analysis of image. Not to put too fine a point to it, but to further emphasize the point, even Prof. Armatage, who is very familiar with the work (and thus theoretically immune to its effects) was restrained in her commentary.

What makes the film so overwhelming is the artistry of the filmmaker. There is no film that I have seen that so convincingly demonstrates to me the validity of cinema studies. The reason for this is precisely because the critical apparatus breaks down with *Night and Fog*. In 31 minutes the film consumes any doubts the viewer might have about

the nature of the Holocaust, generally in a non-explicit way. In spite of the presence of the images of death we associate with the Holocaust, the majority of the screen time is devoted to modern (1955) visits to the locations, actively involving the viewer through the poetry of the film. As never before in my life I understood in my soul that the Holocaust had happened, that it was real, and that I could very well have been looking at relatives whose names I've never spoken being gassed and burned and violated.

I discovered fascism.

For real.

More than that, I discovered the terrible truth about humanity: from Vlad the Impaler to Josef Stalin, with a knock at the doors of Adolf Hitler and Generalissimo Franco, we, as humans, have allowed this to happen.

I discovered that my life has an inestimable common characteristic that is shared with every person on the planet: I am alive, and like every other member of our family, I have an obligation to remember those that died to stop the terror of Nazism, and to remember as long as I live the people who perished: the Jews, the Gypsies, the countless Czechs and Poles and Spaniards and Communists and homosexuals and artists and otherwise 'normal' citizens who objected...

I discovered that I love this thing we call life, with all its faults, and I'm grateful to be here and to be alive.

I discovered Canada, and found that I liked what I saw.

I discovered that I could sacrifice my life to save this vague concept we call freedom.

I never thought I could say that. I am now fully human.

The Innis Film Society Presents

BAROQUE NIGHT:

The Chronicle of Anna Maria Magdela Bach  
(Straub/Huillet)

Eaux D'Artifice  
(Kenneth Anger/Vivaldi)

Innis Town Hall  
Thursday, December 1, 1988  
7:00 P.M.

FREE

(Thanks to the Goethe Institute, Toronto)

## The Burden of the Lord



Blitz

Okay, so I lied. This article is about music, but not about obscure punk bands, or obscure but utterly incredible English hard rock/psychedelic bands. I'm gonna get a bit more general than that. This article was inspired by Alex Russell's article *The Burden of Critical Attention* in the last issue. I thought it would be interesting to do a follow-up, especially comparing my background with his. While Alex has received formal musical training and the like, I've been playing in punk bands for the past five years, a situation which definitely puts me on the side of the "noise makers", as Alex used the term. Not that I reject talent, or mastery of one's instrument, or classical music: I just

think that live music should be loose and open to audience involvement. That can include Des shouting the words to "Jack Straw" along with the band, or people dancing or just getting excited.

Music is a holy thing, that is meant to provoke reactions, and this inevitably erodes the barrier that the "music makers" like to erect between performer and audience. Rock and roll as a whole, and especially punk, exhorts the audience to get involved. At a punk gig, the band onstage will likely look and be dressed the same as their audience emphasizing this identification. The audience will be utterly unrestrained, feeling free to move to the music, climb onstage and dive off, often sing along with the band. The drawback to this is that while everyone can contribute

(most notably by forming a band), not everyone is equally talented. There are a lot of bad punk bands.

Obviously then, some talent or training is required to make music, and certainly many folk, blues, jazz and rock musicians are very talented. (In my personal view, jazz musicians are among the best in any form of music. I look up to those cats.) And yet, there is a distinct difference between these styles and classical; namely, that classical is "art" and thus emotional responses are to be subdued.

This is evil: it erects barriers where no barriers should be. I am reminded of the scene from Kerouac's *On the Road* where George Shearing is playing in a club, and Moriarty (a.k.a. Neal Cassady) is sweating, clenching his fist, and ecstatically whispering "Go! Go!". Music is meant to arouse our emotions, and the sight of an audience sitting primly means one of two things: either the music has no effect, and no emotions are aroused, or the emotions are being repressed. This kind of repression is unnatural, and seriously detracts from one's enjoyment of the music.

I'm not suggesting that everyone should boogie to Beethoven, merely that one should not feel constrained by what is "socially acceptable" behaviour. It is a particularly Christian perversion, this kind of emotionless acceptance of music, the theory that the body is corrupt and not fit to honour things that are sacred, such as music. This attitude, like much of modern Christianity, is responsible for causing far more sin (in the true sense of the word) than it was intended to prevent.

Music, as I said earlier, can be a holy thing: let it enter you, let it move you, and boycott those (e.g. Duran Duran) who try to commercialize it.

## The Obscured and Unexpected

Burkhard

More short comments on a few records for your listening pleasure.

1) MARION WILLIAMS  
LP: *BORN TO SING THE GOSPEL*  
Spirit/Feel/Shanachie Records

Marion Williams was born in 1927 in Miami to a West Indian barber and a South Carolinian laundress. At the age of twenty-one she began recording and has been touring for the last fifty years covering Europe, Africa and the West Indies. Having been influential not only to the gospel circuit but also to Little Richard, the Isley Brothers and Aretha Franklin, she has been called "America's greatest living singer."

On this new LP the black lady sings the gospel so convincingly that you feel like turning to the Christian religion. The title track, "I've come so far" is performed live at the B.M. Oakley Memorial Church of God in Christ, Philadelphia, Pa. and this tune represents the highlight of the record.

If you are looking for a great gospel record, this is the one.

2) ARLENE MANTLE  
LP: *IN SOLIDARITY*  
On the Line Music Collective

This baladeer can usually be spotted on picket lines, union conferences and organizing drives, and at labour union education conventions. The majority of songs

are originals which prove an enormous understanding of Canadian and International social issues. The Canadian Autoworkers Union produced this album and assisted Arlene Mantle in putting on the market. This was probably one of the few times that CAW president Bob White got to write liner notes on an LP. The songs are pretty patriotic, however, her great "No Free Trade" tune should be substituted for the Canadian national anthem.

3) VARIOUS ARTISTS  
LP: *LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES, VOLUME 2*  
Nonesuch/WEA, Import

The Bulgarian State Radio and Television Female Choir, who recently performed at Convocation Hall, and a number of soloists constitute the artists on this wonderful record. Bulgarian folk music is sung in beautiful harmonies and with quite an emotional passion. Apparently the type of songs recorded are sung in eastern Europe after dinner when everyone is together.

This LP has made the top ten in Britain and seems to be becoming the cult recording of the eighties.

A sampling from each of these LPs will be played in the Innis Pub every Monday at 1:30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. or, if Rick and Blitz are nice, by request.



## Mystic Pizza: Too Many Anchovies

Steve Gravestock

Donald Petrie's *Mystic Pizza*, a film about three girls growing up and learning about life, love and how to cope with living in a 1940's woman's picture, is the kind of production newspaper and TV film critics love. (Siskel and Ebert have already given it their highest, most eloquent praise: "Two thumbs up.") It's small and tasteful so they can display their virtue by praising it. In this case, small means the filmmakers don't attempt anything new or demanding, either technically or emotionally; tasteful means there's no urgency in the work and to preserve their energy (and rest their thesauri) for the next Kubrick, Eastwood or Donner opus, depending on their pretensions.

The film deals with a critical point in the lives of three girls from a Portuguese fishing town in Connecticut. Cat (Annabeth Gish), the brainy one, has been accepted at Yale. Daisy (Julia Roberts), the party one, has no idea what she's going to do. She just wants to get out of Mystic. Jo (Lili Taylor), the regular one, wonders whether she really ought to marry her fiancée and stay in Mystic. Like the heroines in old movies, they seek answers and define themselves through relationships i.e. men. Daisy thinks her new, rich boyfriend will help her escape. Cat falls in love with the college professor she babysits for.

Jo's future is conceived only in terms of the marriage question. This is probably realistic - how much choice do working class women have? - but it's still pretty retrograde stuff. Anyway, the conflict doesn't come from the class the girls belong to, it comes from their romantic entanglements. Class only plays a part in one of the relationships and it's not really a major element.

The film might have worked if it had a more assured, more forceful director or at least someone with personality. (Forsyth used similar material in *Gregory's Girl*.) Like his father, Donald Petrie thinks something must be art when it's low-key, meaning undramatized. However, a director needs a strong visual sense or the ability to establish a distinct atmosphere to underplay material and still make the film work. Unfortunately, Petrie possesses neither. The cinematography is pretty and the colours are vibrant but you could say the same about postcards or calendars. There's no local atmosphere and that's crucial to a film that's ostensibly about a small, isolated community which several of the characters want to escape. We have no idea what it's like to live there. Consequently, we don't understand why the characters want out. Points aren't developed emotionally; they're simply stated. For instance, when Charles, Daisy's disgruntled, rich boyfriend, invites her to dinner at his parents' house, he uses her lower class background

to get back at them. However, Petrie fails to establish this aspect of their relationship earlier. As a result, Charles' bad behaviour has no context. He seems to have suddenly turned into some sort of speed freak. We don't really know why he behaves as he does until Daisy tells us. Petrie and the writers have managed to hide the lack of development by running several story lines at once so we get the impression that something's happening even when there isn't.

Although Amy Jones only wrote the story and several others (Percy and Randy Howze and Alfred Uhry) reworked the screenplay, I think she's also largely to blame for the lack of dramatic clarity. It resembles some of her other projects. Jones attempts to deal fairly with everyone the way Jonathon Demme - at his best - or Jean Renoir does. However, she only ends up confusing the viewer. Remember the rich, vulgar, nasty family Ally Sheedy worked for in *Jones' Maid to Order* which suddenly turned out to be rather sweet? You couldn't tell whether that was because the jokes were lame, and the satire limp as a result, or whether Jones changed her mind halfway through or whether you'd initially missed things. In *Mystic Pizza*, all three heroines see Mystic as a trap but Jones never bothers to criticize life in the town.

The film's creepier and more pernicious than it seems. Petrie and company basically view the trio's

problems as something they'll grow out of. The film concludes with the three of them standing on a terrace, looking at the stars and wondering about the future. It's rather condescending to pat someone on the head and tell them they're young and they'll get over whatever crisis they currently face. This invalidates the girls' experience. Their pain doesn't mean much. At least John Hughes, charlatan that he is, respected how his teenagers felt. Petrie et al invite the audience to sit back and sigh "ah life" and rest on its imputed maturity. The filmmakers present emotions lyrically and tastefully here and ignore the fact that they are sometimes rather messy. It's like Woody Allen's serious work and that isn't a compliment.

However, the film never becomes completely unbearable. In fact, it's quite pleasant most of the time. Petrie moves quickly so scenes don't drag. He includes only one totally inept scene when Jo's fiancée (Vincent D'Onofrio) renames his fishing boat *Nympho*, in honour of her, and she chews him out before a crowd with, of course, applaud her. Petrie's failure to push or develop things makes the hoary clichés underneath - like the concerned, earthy den-mother who runs the pizza parlour where the girls work - palatable. The three actresses are fun to watch. Julia Roberts, as the bad girl, is nice and tart. She suggests some of Daisy's frustration at always being compared to her brainy sister and her general

confusion and fear about what she's going to do with her life. Since Petrie never establishes a context though, her efforts don't have much impact or resonance. Annabeth Gish, her hair cut subtly short to convey braininess, doesn't have the soft, fulling presence she had in *Hiding Out* but she cries hard. How much can she do when the screenwriters have her lying around listening to Mozart, drinking tea, and wearing sweaters during her tasteful affair with the college professor. Lili Taylor comes off best because her role, as the motor-mouthed, empty-headed one of the bunch, is the only one that's fully written. Then again she's pretty much a stock character and it's normally much easier to succeed with them. I don't mean to belittle Taylor though, she gives her role plenty of zest especially when she and Cat are driving home after the college professor cruelly dumps Cat and Jo chatters on witlessly. Vincent D'Onofrio, as Jo's boyfriend, gives a solid, likeable performance. The other two male leads (Adam Störke and William R. Moses) don't fare nearly as well. Petrie relies on an old Hollywood technique: expressive casting. He casts callow actors who don't project much as callow young men. This makes them rather blank. Consequently, the surprises Jones and Petrie try to work into the *genre* (the bad girl succeeds romantically while the good girls fail) fail to surprise the viewer. These guys seem so shallow who can tell what they'll do.

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

## Music, Analogy and Apple Pie



Alex Russell

In last month's issue of *The Herald*, I went on a bit about Latin American music and my experience in playing it (which amounted to an unbending of my background in classical music). I was going to go on a little bit more on the topic in this month's issue. I was going to talk about how our 'western' conception of music making is a reflection of how our culture tends to institutionalize gratifying personal experiences. That is to say, music making is, properly, a selfish activity. Music making is not teleological, it carries its good within itself; a musician playing for the 'sheer joy of it' is doing it for his joy, his gratification. But the western burden of critical attention makes a distinction between musician and audience (and so between a good musician and a bad musician) and so creates nervous musicians (they've lost touch with their selfishness) and spiritually unmoved audiences (in case you don't believe me, check out an audience at Roy Thompson Hall some night: they're there because it's a sophisticated thing to do but they can't wait to get home). Western

society, I was going to say, is violating the right of human beings to be selfish in their musical lives. I want to be able to tap my toe at Roy Thompson Hall.

That's what I was going to go on about. Instead however, I'd like to say something about an issue surrounding this year's *Innis Herald*. This is the issue of analogy. In case you missed it, there was something out with regard to last month's *Herald*. Several of the titles (see this month's Letters section for details) have caused a bit of a stir among our readers. I'd like to point something out with regard to this response.

Analogy is a serious business. Allow me to expand. (This may get a little personal, so turn the page yet that be meek). Here at Innis we have four single co-ed washrooms, for which one must occasionally queue-up. If you have been in one of those queues, reflect with me: the queue is an embarrassing thing for you as you leave the washroom if you've just taken a dump. I mean, someone's going in as you're leaving. To be blunt, a complete stranger is about to smell your shit.

Now, my question is, why is it embarrassing? Reverse the situation and imagine entering the washroom as the previous person vacates it. Picture the look on their face as they hope that you are in fact only loitering there in the hall, and not actually planning on using the can. Imagine your empathetic reaction to their plight: you know they're embarrassed and don't want them to be (I should hope). A friend told me the other day when I was discussing

this with her, that she automatically assumes any smell in the washroom is not the product of the person she passes at the door, but that the author is actually the occupant previous to him or her. This is something which she would like to have the next occupant think about her smell. Why is it, if we all make smells, that we all feel embarrassed when someone discovers that we do?

Allow me to suggest that the exact nature of this embarrassment is a feeling of being revealed; a feeling that a personal aspect of oneself has been exposed. Shit, it seems to me, represents a very personal element of ourselves. This also follows from the fact that taking a dump can be a very pleasurable experience. (It can be close to a religious experience if one finds just the right spot in the woods.) That pleasure is diminished considerably in a multi-stall washroom (I believe this is the correct technical term) when the stall adjoining yours is occupied.

As an aspect of one's personal psychological world, shit brings either a feeling of embarrassment (according to its public exposure) or a feeling of contentment and a 'being at one' with oneself (according to its emergence in solitude).

'So what', you ask.

'Good question', I reply because I don't really know 'what'. Except this:

Remember how I was going to go on about the tendency of our western culture to deny us our rights to be selfish in pursuing our own gratification, and how this is

interfering with our ability to really get in touch with our own personal relationship with music making? Well, it seems that this might be the case with the personal gratification involved in taking a dump as well (although in this case it is not just western society, but perhaps more of an aspect of modern civilization in general).

In the case of music making, I argued last week that our tendency to distinguish between performer and audience is not something which the act of music making actually requires. This distinction leads both musician and listener away from the true selfish source of musical involvement. The emergence of music in public, in our 'western'

society, involves the succumbing of music to that society. The participants lose touch with the musical act's ultimate selfish source. It is in this sense that it is a case of the outer force of society dominating the inner force of the individual.

Now I realize that its just shit, but the same imbalance is at work in the uncomfortable personal feeling of being 'exposed'. Shitting is a gratifying activity in private, and at the right moment. In this sense it is selfish. However when it finds its way into our clean, modern, uniform public washrooms, it succumbs to the pressure of a sterile-mad society.

There is little room for the individual, it seems, in the closet of humanity.

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## Weird

Rleky

People keep asking me how I can be so fanatic about the rock and swing band, the Grateful Dead. That's right. Start off with an absolute falsehood. Actually, no one asks me anything of the kind. They just talk amongst themselves about how weird I am or other Deadheads are. Yep, Deadheads sure are weird.

Michael Jackson's best friend is a chimp. He sells millions of albums and is played in dance clubs all over the world. He has had his face coiffured. He sells out wherever he goes. He owns the Beatles' music and uses it to make money by selling it to Nike and car manufacturers. With a voice that is somewhere between Betty Boop and Prince, he tells us he's 'bad'. People have called him a genius. Weird.

Twenty-six per cent of America's registered voters voted for George Bush. He is now President, claiming to have the majority of the American people behind him. Americans say that the system that runs their affairs is a democracy. George Bush ran on a law and order ticket. He was in the Iran-Contra affair up to his neck. This involved selling sophisticated weaponry to their sworn enemies in order to prolong a vicious war in the Middle East. He illegally participated in funneling the profits to the Contras after being told by Congress that no aid was to be given to that group. George Bush ran on an anti-drug ticket. He participated in propping up General Noriega, the vicious dictator of Panama who has made vast profits by shipping north the cocaine that is crippling the United States with misery and crime by the impoverished addicts who need cash for their next crackhouse visit. The Contras have also participated in drug smuggling activities and receive Bush's full support. Bush says

people who push drugs should get the death penalty. Bush says Americans have never been in better shape. They now have a trillion dollar deficit due to Ronald Reagan's military spending spree. Bush



blames this deficit on Congress' social programs. Bush says people should be made to say the Pledge of Allegiance even before they understand what it means, even if it curtails their religious freedom. Bush believes in democratic and human rights. Bush made Dukakis' membership in an American civil liberties organization sound like membership in the Soviet Communist Party. Bush claims to be an environmentalist. The administration he has emerged from spent eight years relaxing emission standards, opening national forests for mining and did nothing more than pay lip service to the serious problem of acid rain. Americans have never had it so good says Bush. He promises four more years of this stuff. America elected him President. Weird.

In Canada, the free trade issue overshadows all other issues. Brian Mulroney claims there is nothing in the agreement that will in any way harm this nation. We will all get rich. Mulroney passed the Drug Patent Bill at the behest of the Americans that will result in higher drug prices for Canadians. He softened his stance on acid rain. He cut back on environmental programs and tried to de-index old age pensions. He makes no mention of the fact that it doesn't matter if the agreement doesn't endanger Canadian policies if a government is voluntarily willing to do away with those policies. He asks us to trust

the agreement and take a chance. The last four years have seen enough Mulroney scandals and near scandals to make the Trudeau years look like a cakewalk. He takes full credit for our economic revival. (He must also be responsible for the world economic revival then.) We are being asked to vote for four more years of this stuff. Weird.

John Turner says he is against big business. John Turner made big money on Bay Street for years before returning to political life. He is now the champion of the Canadian citizen against big business. Weird.

Ed Broadbent is the friend of the working man and woman. He stands for egalitarianism and social justice. Ed Broadbent supports the Meech Lake accord which endangers French minority rights everywhere in Canada, English minority rights in Quebec, and native and women's rights across the country. He promises to iron all that out when he gets elected. The Accord, with its requirement of unanimous consent by all ten provinces leaves no room for such amendments. Weird.

A great number of us, some saying they vote for their local candidate not the party leader, (as if M.P.'s were free to vote any which way they pleased on an issue in this country), some saying they vote for the party not the man, will cast votes that will see one of these men elected to lead us. Weird.



Underfunding is a serious problem in education and health. Private enterprise is seen as the solution. This includes luxury hotels and



condos on former university property and the quality food chain MacDonald's in Sick Kids Hospital. A tiny amount of students showed for an underfunding rally two weeks ago. The quality of education is not important to them, merely the degree and the income bracket that it will put them in. Weird.

PCB's are known to be lethal. A building full of them had to be bum down and release them into the air before serious action to stop their use took place. Weird.

Television shows like *Wheel of Fortune*, *The Cosby Show*, *Miami Vice*, *Dynasty*, and *Dallas* are incredibly popular. Weird.

Neil Young continues to put out albums. People continue to buy them. Enough said.

People buy the meat and veggie patties in the Innis Pub. Weird.

Everyone but developers are upset with the runaway development that is choking Toronto's downtown with cars and skyscrapers, blighting out waterfront with hideous brown condos, and putting houses on lead contaminated land. No one of stature ran against the mayor responsible for this mess. Toronto, by and large re-elected him. Très bizarre.

Yep, Deadheads sure are weird. Deadheads listen to the Dead because they are wildly improvisational in concert, decidedly uncommercial in their professional dealings, and display none of the arrogance of other rock artists. They profit share with their employees, are generous and even loving towards their fans. Their fans love them back. The band is constantly playing live and some performances are benefits for environmental and

health groups. A three hour show can consist of pop, rock, jazz, country, and general weirdness. Despite major *faux pas* in some of their personal histories what they do on stage or record never fails to make me and conspicuous others feel a whole lot better about life. Yes, that's pretty damn weird.

Some people are wild about Beethoven. Some people are nuts about Chaucer and medievalism. Some people do handstands for *Tristram Shandy*. Others can't tell you enough about good wine. Some people are crazy for money or power. Some are into clothes. Some people are into anger, hatred and bitterness.

Some people get off massively on the music of the Grateful Dead. They fly or drive distances to see them. Some are street people. Some own record shops. Some are lawyers. Some are teachers. Some are students. Some are actors. One Deadhead is Neil Young. Another is basketball player Bill Walton. Some just follow the band around and sell their wares to other concert goers (which beats the hell out of selling arms to war torn countries or dumping toxic waste in a lake to increase profit). Being a Deadhead is fun. Yet it annoys people. Well, George Bush, Michael Jackson and *Wheel of Fortune* annoy the shit out of me.



Yep, Deadheads sure are weird. And looking around me, on the box, in the paper, or on the street, all I can say is, we're in good company.

# Mary Worth Update His Flower, The White Carnation Blooms So Fair.

Art Wilson

As you'll recall, Mary and the Camerons were dressing for dinner at the end of September. As we enter October, They enter the dining room. Suddenly, though Ian may have been too busy scarfing down the hors d'oeuvres to notice, the corsage arrives! Mary thinks they're from Toby and Ian, but they deny it. Toby can't resist putting in a dig about Ian not sending her flowers. Who could have sent the flowers? Oh look, there's a card in the box! It says: "His flower, the white carnation blooms so fair! Auld Lang Syne, Mary!"

Well, Mary was mighty ticked off by this. What could it mean? As it happens the words were from a Phi Delta Theta song. Jack, her dead husband, had been house president when they met. (We aren't sure whether Mary was gang raped at the Phi Delt, house or not.) All this got Mary so upset that she didn't touch her dinner. She went to her state room to check the passenger list!

The next morning, Mary has found no familiar names, but she has found another mysterious note! This note says, in part, "you left the wigwag with another brave". Mary explains that the wigwag was an old house near the Denison campus. Among other things it was the site of social events and frat gang rapes! And it was there that Mary accepted Jack's fraternity pin (and a big load too).

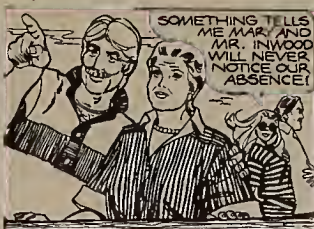
Well it had to happen! Ian and Toby are the worst kind of propriety white trash I know! They are very upset that someone else has been seated at their table. But wait! Is it? Could it be? Yes! It's Grant, Grant Inwood! Did I say plot twist, let's try plot explosion! This is an entirely new character! Wow!

Mary and Grant were chums in college. He had a big crush on her, as did half the campus, and his heart was broken when she and Jack announced they're engagement. Grant is a tall man with strong nairy

arms, a mustache, bushy eyebrows and a shock of pepper grey hair. He and Jack were frat brothers. He was the campus clown. He got a trip to South America from his aunt for graduation. He landed in Caracas the day they struck oil in Venezuela. He bought heaps-o-land down there because the exchange rate was so good. He made it big in oil and real estate. He knows a sure-fire cure for Ian Cameron's sea sickness (beef broth laced with vodka with a healthy splash of tabasco. He has to go call his broker, so He can't play shuffle board. He was a fat kid in college, but he's sure a hunk now! And Mary knows it!

Time shift! It's dinner now, and as we fade out on Mary for another day she and Grant begin to dance to the same waltz that they last danced to in college. Wow!

In the last six weeks, Mary has managed to get through one day! Fuckin' bitch!



# Girl, 9, Swallows Tool Shed

Dana Bornstein

Okay! So the Canadian government isn't so great after all. I mean, sure we can respect their good intentions -- Free Trade for example -- but sometimes they get a little too silly. I've seen them in action in Parliament at a so-called "sessions", but a good game of "twister" isn't as half-assed as these people who run our country. Sometimes they just don't use their heads. Health and Welfare Canada is just one of the many government branches whose leaves fall off and never seem to grow back. "Working Together for a Smoke Free Generation" and "Break Free" are the latest anti-smoking campaigns. Yet they forget that every kid knows smoking can kill you. Hell, I know it and I still smoke. If the government really wants to discourage kids from smoking, maybe they should give them the facts.

First of all, smoking has extreme physical effects that go beyond lung cancer. If any kid cares about their looks, they won't smoke. It all starts with your hair. It doesn't fall out in clumps, mind you, but your brush needs cleaning out more often. It gets dry and brittle, and no matter what shampoo you use you'll never get that healthy-looking shine back. Your face is the next thing to go: it loses all its colour; in time it begins to look a little grey. Your lips aren't a natural red anymore; they become very dull and dry. No matter how many hours you sleep, you'll always

be tired. Overall, you'll look and feel like shit.

Secondly (by as it were), smoking causes considerable psychological damage. Nicotine is one of the most addictive legal substances (next to caffeine, but that's a different story). You're always craving a cigarette, even when your last one was twenty minutes ago. You'd rather starve a day or two than not have the cash for smokes. After a while, you begin to smoke more and more cigarettes simply because you're bored. Or you might feel the need for something between your fingers. No gum can substitute for that. Quitting is a royal pain in the ass; I know because I've quit five times in the past two months. But I'm still smoking. Without my nicotine I'm bitchy, irritable and I lose the desire to do anything that requires energy.

Contrary to cigarette ads, smoking is not satisfying and refreshing, nor is it relaxing. Smoking to calm your nerves is a whole lot of hokey. Cigarettes taste like shit and the crap that you are always coughing up before that seven a.m. cigarette is not attractive. Most of all smoking is far from sexy. No one looks good with a cigarette dangling from their mouth, puffing like a steam engine.

So if the government knew what the hell was really happening, they'd cut the bureaucratic B.S. and try to scare the shit out of future drag monsters by telling them how it really is. Smoking is not cool; it's the coldest, hardest habit you'll ever want to break.

# Xenophon & Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

X: Well, we promised to give you an update report on our investigation into what is the difference between a duck.

O: And, as we always live up to our promises, we conducted our experiment again, this time using a clean bath as a control, and seconding the services of an actual expert in manifold analogology to verify our calculations.

X: Once again, the difference between a duck was exactly the price of duck a l'orange at Fentons, sans sales tax.

O: We take this to be another sign of the impending workers revolution, of a radical upheaval of our sales tax system, and the institution of new and better gustatory services in the inevitable peoples republic.

X: A duck in every pot, and a unified consciousness in every manifold.

O: Yes, well, the outcome seemed inevitable given the fact that we were using a Muscovy duck.

X: Anyway, back to the matter at hand, this month's questions.

O: A whole raft of them.

X: Yes a veritable plenitude.

O: The first one is, are number's happy?

X: Well, it depends on what numbers, when and why and what do you mean happy.

O: Yes, there do seem to be a few trivial cases. Irrational numbers, for example, could not possibly be happy. They, by nature, are constantly committing acts which just are not compatible with the innate nature of the universe as we know it. This leads to unspeakable suffering on their part, an ingrained existential angst which equals and even surpasses the angst of other things, bananas for example.

X: It is also important to remember that irrationals have no sense of self identity, as they never can tell where

their end is. And as anyone who does not know where their feet are will tell you, this is not a happy situation.

O: Radical numbers too are miserable, insufferable creatures. Always complaining about their situation in the world, they are never content and always off to marches and rallies, which are inevitably cold and dreary. So they are also unhappy.

X: Now the rational numbers can be content with things, and have a sense of self-definition and security. But this comes only as a result of their innate rationality, so this can only be considered an intellectual 'fit' with the world. Thus, it is not a true *joie de vivre* type happiness, but a cold and logical placation with life.

O: Now the whole numbers are also in a situation where there is a potential for happiness. They are full in being and simple in aspiration, with no frilly bits or trailing digits to placate and pacify. These numbers are irreversibly settled in their homes on the number line, they have a dwelling in the world, a sense of being. But at the same time, they have a great sense of lack. There is a gap, a lapse, between one number and the other, a gap which can not be entered, penetrated by any operation. This hole, this lack, this abyss of eternal despair institutes a paranoid despair and politics of desire in a whole number's very existential fabric.

X: Now think of what this means for the natural numbers, the zero that sits at the bottom of this tower of gaps and lack and cannot fulfill its potential for 'numberness'-- it can only look inward, and there it finds what-- another absence, a lacking of presence, a nothing. This is why zero drops out of itself to dwell in the lower world, in the realm parallel to the plane of Hades, and why this number savages others when it tries to reproduce, multiply with others, why it adds nothing or takes nothing away from anything else, and also the reason why the attempt to divide its being is impossible. Zero is so regressed into its misery that it is solidified into an indivisible lack, it is a lack, it is lack itself, and so cannot be divided.

O: Then the integers. Well, they draw from the well spring of their essence negatively, a negating of that which is of suns and life and potatoes and ducks. So they can't be happy.

X: It seems that the only numbers that can be happy are the transcendental numbers, those that go beyond the ravages of this war and strife torn world and enter into a realm of blissful existence.

O: We can prove this with a simple example.

X: Now it is quite evident that those who eat pie are happy. We can cite the example from popular verse of Little Jack Horner regressing to a state of excremental joy with his thumb messing around in his pie, etc.

O: So if we look at the number pi, whose very nature and essence is to be pi, whose every moment dwells on pi-ness, it must be happy. Eternal and joyfull bliss, eternal radiance, the whole shmeer.

X: So numbers can be happy, if they are the right one.

O: Now another one of our correspondents wants to know 'What about harmonicas?'

X: And we must say that it was very clever of our questioner to ask this question at this very time as we

just finish answering the question about numbers and happiness.

O: Now numbers, when they enter into relations, bring forth joy in the world when they fall into the harmonic series.

X: In proper relations, numbers can generate the music of the spheres, which as Boethius claimed is the only type of music which really expresses the eternal nature of the universe and the relations of God and man.

O: Now harmonicas, having the route harmony in them are obviously the instruments for producing harmony, their name is 'instrument of harmony.'

X: So the answer to the question 'What about harmonicas?' is 'Very important.' Take yours to church.

O: Our last question for this month, may God be praised, is 'Why is Hell depicted as a hot and fiery place and not as cold and lifeless, in view of the fact that we go South, as opposed to North, for the winters.'

X: First off we should point out that we go South for the winter because it is warm, and not cold and we, unlike ducks, do not like the cold, and men are not ducks, and vice versa.



O: But to the matter at hand. We can ask the following question 'If men were ducks, and ducks were Gods, and Gods were men, then where would Gods put men after they died?'

X: Now Xenophon and I have become rather expert on the nature and lore of ducks recently, seeing as how we have been investigating their topology and the differential structures in the vertebrate calculus of their manifold.

O: So we've had to buy quite a few.

X: But let it be known that we have treated them well. The only thing that we have done to them is thrown them in the bath.

O: And everybody knows that ducks take to water, like well, ducks take to water.

X: And our differentiation method was approved by both the ASPCA and the International Conference On the Topology Of Aquatic Web Footed Things With Feathers (ICOTAWeFotWIF).

O: But some of those barbecued ducks in the windows in China Town, I mean...og

X: What Og is trying to say, although he seems to have blown his linguistic unit and has reverted to monosyllables is, 'no wonder they want to barbecue us as well.' We always talk about the human condition, about the angst of being alone in the universe, about long dark nights on the lonely deserted plains of existence. Well, what about the ducks? Nobody gives a shit about them. Duck a l'orange, bottled duck, pressed duck, duck soup... the list is endless. Everybody forgets that they are there, eternal, omnipresent, all seeing and all knowing. They hover in their all existing flock. And when we die they will barbecue us. Such is our fate.

O: og, og .og  
X: Shut up Og.

Readers are invited encouraged, begged, beseeched, besought, besotted, and bemushroomed, to send in questions. Ducks are also needed for further analysis. Fresh not barbecued, please.

## Can we Afford to Sell our Water?

Cheri Burda

Canada may have nine percent of the world's fresh water, but in proportionate respect Canada also occupies seven percent of the world's land mass. In the words of Canada's Environment Minister, "we just about have our fair share." A great deal of our country's fresh water supply comes from the great lakes which are being polluted. The other cleaner sources flow northward away from our southern settlements. As the greenhouse effect continues to warm our planet, the demand for fresh water will increase, and other countries, such as the United States, will be looking to Canada for relief.

Thus we are left with a delicate water balance which must be managed by sustainable development, a control which may be forfeited to the economics of the Free Trade Agreement with the United States. Whether or not our precious water is part of the deal persists as a controversial subject often won with rhetoric by those who support Free Trade. Most Canadian environmentalists agree that water exports under the deal would be disastrous in terms of resource management. Environment Minister Tom McMillan stated that the free trade of water could be "devastating to the environment and Canadian society," yet he also claims that water is not a part of Free Trade.

Is water in the Free Trade Agreement? John Crosbie states

adamantly that "nothing obligates Canada to sell water to the U.S." However, recent critiques being done on this aspect of the agreement, including an analysis by Don Gamble, executive director for Rawson Academy of Aquatic Science, cite areas in the agreement where the exports of water clearly are included.

According to Gamble's report, an example of evidence that water is explicitly included in the deal consists of tariff item 22.01 which states as follows: "waters including natural or artificial mineral water and aerated waters not containing sugars or other sweetening matter, not flavoured; ice and snow." In view of Gamble's interpretation of this item, the only water excluded from the Tariff Schedule and GATT are sweetened or flavoured waters. Although this item lists water as a beverage, according to Gamble, "the chapter heading is of no relevance when identifying goods coverage of a tariff item; the main consideration is the wording itself."

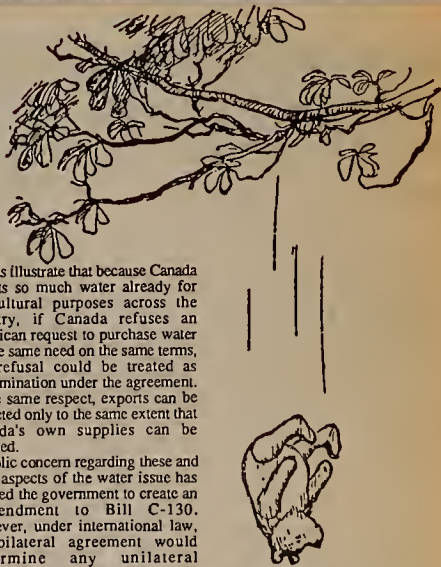
Also, Gamble found that article 201:1 defines a good as including domestic products as understood by GATT. Since "tariffs covering water have been included for many years in the schedule's annexed to the GATT, GATT understands water to be a good." In addition, an analysis by the Canadian Environmental Law Association finds that article 201:1 enables the U.S. "to dispute any measure that impairs a benefit that is reasonably expected to be derived

even indirectly from the deal." According to CELA, a benefit can be termed "reasonably expected" by article 409 which outlaws export restrictions for goods as defined under GATT. CELA then adds, "even Mr. Crosbie concedes that water is a good under GATT rules."

CELA's report explains that if a good is to be excluded from the agreement, it does so explicitly as in the case of logs. But water is not given the same treatment. It is not excluded explicitly and therefore is subject to provisions under the deal.

Both reports agree that initiatives made by Premier Bourassa and supported by Simon Reisman in 1985 for the Grand Canal project to divert water to the States were primarily intended to put Canada in a good bargaining position with the U.S. Since leverage is needed to compete with American economic strategies, the export of water would make America an "eager receptive partner" (that is to say, an eager beaver -eds.) and allow Canada an even level of trade.

Gamble notes that this type of scheming has been occurring on both sides of the border. He points out that in 1988, a U.S. congressman with the agricultural committee was quoted to say, "I think one of the reasons the U.S. negotiates free trade with Canada is because Canada has the water resources this country is going to need." But as the CELA report states, "once the tap is turned on it can never be turned off." Both



reports illustrate that because Canada diverts so much water already for agricultural purposes across the country, if Canada refuses an American request to purchase water for the same need on the same terms, this refusal could be treated as discrimination under the agreement. In the same respect, exports can be restricted only to the same extent that Canada's own supplies can be rationed.

Public concern regarding these and other aspects of the water issue has induced the government to create an amendment to Bill C-130. However, under international law, the bilateral agreement would undermine any unilateral amendments, including those which may protect water, claims CELA. The only way to explicitly state the exclusion of water, according to CELA, is to amend the agreement itself.

This type of ambiguity regarding the issues of Free Trade runs throughout all sectors covered or affected by the agreement; most people are uncertain about the agreement's many implications. Information on the deal is available.

Actual copies of the FDA itself, can be obtained by writing to Ottawa and are also available in numerous libraries and bookstores. The CELA report is available either from the Canadian Environmental Law Association or the Ontario Environment Network. Don Gamble's report, "Water Exports and Free Trade" can be obtained by writing to Suite 404, 1 Nicholas St., Ottawa. K1N 7B7.

## Tits and Ass and Booze and Trees

Cheri Burda

Recently I quit my job as a bar wench in a sleazy tavern to involve myself in a more rewarding type of part-time employment. Myself being an environment student, it seemed appropriate to canvass for an environment group and more satisfying to serve our earth than to serve cheap bar scotch to polluted patrons. However, my naive expectations of knocking on doors and receiving healthy donations from concerned citizens quickly evaporated to join the rest of the garbage clouding up our atmosphere. The donations were few, and the citizens were ruder than the bar slobs.

uninformed, uninterested, and basically unfriendly.

People can get involved and together, they can make a difference. I'm not talking about changing from aerosol hair-spray to pump, or stuffing refuse into biodegradable garbage bags (which, incidentally, break down into small but hazardous substances), or even about finding alternatives to styrofoam. These are all valid efforts towards solving our pollution problems, and I believe that each and every individual should be conscious of these efforts. What I

laziness supercedes consciousness. Thus we need more rigorous recycling programs with incentives, cost penalties, and a more realistic diversity of recyclable products and materials. Also, somewhere along the way, Toronto forgot to make a blue box for businesses, which waste unreasonable amounts of paper, and commercial ventures -- such as bars and restaurants -- which I know from experience dispose of massive quantities of recyclable glass night after night.

"So what is it to me?" says a woman peering suspiciously at me through a screen, afraid to let me into her home. It is difficult to convince someone through wire mesh, but I try to pass some literature through her mail slot. What is it to our politicians? Nothing. That is why we cannot wait around waiting for them to do something. We must demand action. There is no other way.

So here I am demanding that people let me into their homes and

listen to my sales pitch. What am I selling anyway? ... Oh yes, a clean environment and perhaps a future. It is a sad thing, but I do better pushing Long Island ice teas and Beam-me-up-Scottys. Even more depressing, these bar creatures actually listen to my speech and agree with what I have to say. No arguments, no blank expressions, they just smile and throw back another shooter. Furthermore, they tip.



My first day on the job I approached each door with great zeal, expecting to save the world and enlighten people about the realities of acid rain, resource depletion and other environmental problems (there are enough to keep a cold canvasser talking). My job was to inform these concerned listeners as to how they, as individuals, could help -- by getting involved, voting for the right politicians or, of course, donating money. What I discovered, however, standing in doorways with strange smells coming from kitchens, was that most people are

am talking about, however, is a greater overall awareness. Together communities should lobby their local governments to ban such hazardous products from the shelves of our stores so that there exists no unsafe alternatives to safe products. We should lobby for greater public education programs concerning hazardous household wastes and recycling so that awareness does not have to be sold door to door by a canvasser with a quota.

Our current recycling efforts are limited and rely on the consumer's willingness to participate; too often

## SPORTS

### Men's Hockey

Alex Russell

At 5-0, the Innis Whalers can afford to be smug. Clearly the team has managed to establish themselves as one of the elite teams of division two hockey. The Whalers have outscored their opposition 34-6 and, it must be noted, have looked quite sharp in their respective home and away uniforms. The team's success has engendered enthusiasm throughout the college.

"I've never seen this team look so good," says one ecstatic fan, David Morris. "And their skates look so shiny too."

The team is enjoying their new found success. With two games remaining before Christmas, many players obviously feel that the sky is the limit for this year's team.

However, player-coach Rob Stanley cautions against overconfidence. "We can't get too cocky. It's important that we take things one game at a time." Fortunately for the team, Stanley's ability on the ice exceeds his eloquence as team spokesman.

Offensively, the team combines a fast skate - and -shoot game with a grinding body contact approach. "We seem to be finding the net," says Stanley, "and defensively we've been solid. (Goalie, Mike) Didden's been great."

Particularly strong performances have been turned in by recently converted forward Orrin Kesper. Kesper, a defenseman last year, has scored three goals so far and his physical approach has added some much needed punch up front.

On defense, Marty Belch has shown consistency from game one. Says Stanley, "the man is a rock."

Speaking of rocks, Greg Sutton, back as the team's captain, has had some trouble finding the net in this young season. Stanley, however, has put Sutton together with wingers Alex Russell (me) and Eric Lee, and this has greatly improved his game (if I may say so myself).

For his part, Stanley, playing on a line with Arty Hanks and the boisterous and pesky Glyn, has been his usual graceful self. Stanley is leading the team with six goals.

### Men's Basketball

Eaton Donato

The Innis men's basketball Sultans are riding a crest as yet unparalleled in the history of sports.

The athletic deities have stormed out of the blocks to a phenomenal 5-0 start, crushing opponents, Erindale, Law and Meds in a dizzying display of power and finesse. These wins, together with two other victories too lopsided to mention, have established the Sultans as the odds-on favourites to bring home basketball glory.

The smooth and creamy Mark Parisotto's shooting touch, and the bump and grind inside work of Willy "the fridge" Fountain have struck fear in the hearts of the opposition. As well, the dazzling Sigino "all world" Mayo, Eaton "bone crusher" Donald (mc) and Greg "the beef" Anderson have made The Elite all the more untouchable.

Destiny awaits, and Innis will soon welcome the men's division two basketball champs.



Everything on this page is repetitive and redundant. That is to say, it repeats itself. Per Ernulfum Episcopum ...



## Women's Athletics: Update

Jennifer Smith

This is a story about women's athletics at Innis, but it could just as well be an article about municipal elections. Apathy.

Women's soccer had a season plagued by default, as did flag football. In spite of this, football advanced to the playoffs. Inner-tube water polo defaulted in the pre-season. Yeah team! Women's ice hockey, a division finalist last year, has been forced to dissolve due to a lack of numbers this season.

It would appear that women at Innis are afraid of the cold — cold morning air, cold water and cold arenas — because our warm, indoor sports, volleyball and basketball, are both flourishing. Reliable sources, have it that basketball is "above .500". Further sources say, "they're winning a lot." Volleyball is doing well, but we'll leave that story to our reliable source, Martha MacEachern.

All in all, this year's women's athletics scenario is bleak. It's making me depressed. I'm cold, I think I'll go and home and shave my legs.

## Women's Volleyball

Martha MacEachern

The Screaming Beagles are back — times two! Yes, after years of struggling to keep six girls on the court at any one time, we now have nine division one players and twelve division two players. Division one, led by Marth MacEachern (me) and Andrea Lennox, welcomes Meris Williams and Esther Leveque to their veteran starting line-up, while division two, led by Sally Kerwin, looks forward to a fabulous rookie season!

Two very successful pre-season games and an unexpected, but very welcome turn out of fans, has inspired high hopes amongst the Beagles. With much improved setting, hitting, and serving talent, and beautiful new uniforms, this year's crew should prove to be a tough match, even for Erindale!

Division one games are Monday November 21 (*already past*) and Wednesday November 30 (all games in the sports gym at 10 p.m.), and division two plays at 9 p.m. Monday November 21 (*already past*) and at 10 p.m. Wednesday November 30 (both games in the field house).

Come out and support the Screaming Beagles!!

## Men's Athletics: Update

Rob Stenley

What's going on? It seems as though Innis is finally establishing a name for itself in the world of men's athletics.

Let's start with the bad news and work our way up. First, the rugby team had a playoff berth locked up but unfortunately defaulted their last game of the season forcing them out of the league. The soccer team, however, managed to make it into the playoffs but unfortunately lost in the quarter finals in a hard fought game.

Now onto bigger and better news. The Innis/Trinity football team finished the season by defeating the Engineers 7-1. This gives them a record of four wins and two losses. The play of this team in their first year together in the league has many people talking about another Mulock Cup at Innis.

The Innis basketball team is on fire

with a 5-0 record (*ed-oh my God*). When asked how the team is doing so far, centre Eaton Donald replied, "we are naturally killing all of our opponents." Unfortunately for the team, Eaton broke his ankle in a mishap with his vacuum cleaner and he will be lost until Christmas (*when he hopes to receive a new vacuum cleaner*). However, the team has enjoyed strong play from everyone, especially Willy Fountain, Mark Parisotto and Sigino Mayo. The team looks to be on their way to their best year ever.

Finally, the men's hockey team is also off to a great start with an identical 5-0 record. Having outscored its opponents by a 34-6 count, the Innis Whalers were named Team of the Week by the Intramural department for the week of November 14-21. Your next chance to see the Whalers play will be November 29 at 10 p.m. against Dentistry.

## Women's Football

Greg Sutton

The women's flag football team had a good season this year. Plagued by a lack of devoted players that were willing to wake up with the birds, and a coach (me) who was too crabby at that hour of the day to offer any guidance, the team scratched and clawed their way to a respectable 3-3 record. The

Innisators advanced to the playoffs and played the women from Medicine. Wer played with determination and pride, but were up against a formidable opponent, a team that would eventually win the championship.

Thanks for a good season gang, and especially to die-hards, Martha, Jennifer Smith, Jennifer Reid, Beth, Sima, Krista, Lucinda, and Betty.

## Men's Football

Greg Sutton

As the 1988 football season approached, the executives of the Innis Crimson Tide Football Club were faced with a discouraging situation. A team that only one year ago captured the championship and the prized Mulock Cup was in danger of folding. Due to a large number of retirements and a lack of first year players, The Tide was faced with few options (*ed-to ebb or to flow*). At the pre-season meeting of the team representatives an agreement was reached after nearly four hours of bargaining, and the Innis Crimson Tided merged with its cross-campus rivals at Trinity to form the Innis-Trinity Black Pelicans.

Now, before all the Innis veterans start whining about our choice of partners, may I remind them of a few things. Innis and Trinity have combined to account for the past five

Mulock Cup championships. The two colleges have established one of the strongest rivalries in intramural sport history. In addition, no teams share the amount of respect for one another that Trinity Innis do. So it seems that the Innis football brass didn't make a bad decision after all.

And what about the team's record this season ... it speaks for itself. The Black Pelicans finished with a record of four wins and two losses. This included an 18-6 victory over St. Mike's and a 23-0 rout over Victoria College; two teams that played in division one last year. As a result, the Pelicans finished third in division one and will face Medicine in the semi-finals on Sunday November 20 (*already past*) for the right to play for the Mulock Cup. Game time was 2 p.m. Trinity/Innis will then round out a very successful inaugural season with a championship, Saturday, November 26 at Varsity stadium. Game time will be either at 12 or 2 p.m.



Photo: Richard Lauiens





13. Smoking  
in the  
examination  
room is  
not  
permitted.

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 BARBARA STERNBERG: Tending Toward the Horizontal, Opus 40 Transitions and  
 LUNGO KYOKKA: A Place With Many Rooms  
 CHRIS GALLAGHER: Unwashed Attention (Jackson Theatre: Art Gallery of Ontario, 1:00 pm)  
 MICHAEL WOODBURY: From Home  
 ELDER Conclusions (Jackson Theatre: Art Gallery of Ontario, 1:00 pm)  
 The Horrible (Jackson Theatre: Art Gallery of Ontario, 1:00 pm)

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